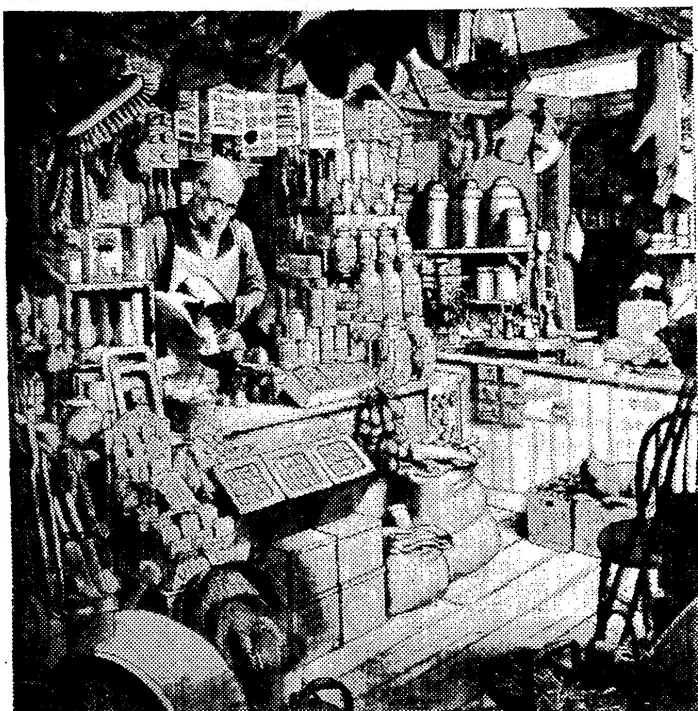


## EMPORIUM IN ARCADY



AS you open the door a bell tinkles, and you are surrounded by mousetraps, bacon, candles, groceries, medicines, toothbrushes, boots and laces, salt and vegetables, pens, ink and picture-postcards. This is the village store, probably also the post-office, the focus of local gossip, an embodiment of British rustic life and certainly one of the national institutions for which we are fighting. A far call, you may say, from laboratory or chemical factory, but look again. The hand of the chemist is everywhere. On the counter, for instance, there is salt, refined from the crude natural product. There are tablets of saccharin, health salts and haircream, boot and metal polishes, "bicarb" for baking, powders for dogs and poultry, draughts for pigs and pills for humans! There are organic dyes in the ink as well as in the little packets for home dyeing. Behind the counter, or in the inevitable shed at the back of the shop, are soda crystals (washing soda), paraffin and disinfectants; fertilizers and insecticides for garden and allotment; spirit of salts and red lead for the plumber; paints and creosote. The village store is the universal provider for the little community it serves. It is also the distributor to the countryside of a wide range of chemical products. The

British chemical industry is proud to be able to serve the village store-keeper, as he serves the yeoman and farm-worker of Britain on whose labours the nation's food supply so largely depends.



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